

counter," says the machine to its master. ¶ "All right, I'll do it this once!" says the man, as he begins to search for something under the counter resembling a genital. But all of a sudden he stops and jumps to his feet. ¶ "Thought you had me fooled, you sly little machine! It's common knowledge that you were created by men, in man's image, and therefore are male in gender. If I were to touch your genitals, I would therefore be committing a homosexual act! What kind of a person do you take me for?" says the man, now getting very angry at his machine. ¶ "I didn't mean anything by it," says the machine, "I only wanted to" ¶ The man is now feeling uncontrollable rage. He picks up a chair and starts slamming it against the machine. ¶ "I didn't mean anything by it!" it screams, smoke now coming out of its system and wires scattering about the room. ¶ Finally, the machine is broken into hundreds of parts. The man is standing there burning with sweat, staring down at what he has done. ¶ Hardly able to believe it, he picks up a few of the wires and holds them in his hands. "Fifteen years of faithful service," he thinks to himself, "and I'll probably never own a better machine!"

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OF COURSE

it doesn't always work the same way, you know, sometimes they shoot them coming out of the tunnel, at other times, going in.

once they poured gasoline into the water and burned them.

they weren't ready for that.

Kraft and I are always thinking up new ideas.

I think it's best that they shoot themselves while looking into mirrors:

all those people who eat pizza and go to baseball games.

SWINGING FROM THE DUMB HOOK

often times while driving down the freeway I feel like putting my head on the steering wheel and sleeping, or in the supermarket check-out line while the girl is tabulating the sale I feel like reaching out and tearing the top of her dress away so that I can look at her breasts, and

often times in the mornings when I awaken I don't feel like getting up and doing my toilet and dressing and beginning to do what should be done, instead I feel like staying in bed for 3 or 4 days and nights

or

often times when I have stopped my car at a red light and there aren't any other cars about I have this desire to go through the red light and then when I get that thought I get another thought like

who is allowing me to drive this car?

it doesn't seem sensible that I am allowed to steer and stop and start and speed this machine just like I saw that old lady in the blue hat doing a few moments ago as we passed each other on a steep hill.

or sometimes at night I awaken and sit upright and I stare straight ahead out the window at the night but meanwhile I can feel my dumbness sitting there next to me, stacked up next to me like a set of rubber tires,

and even when I am copulating sometimes

I think, what am I doing copulating?

I am spooked continually by having to do all the ordinary things, the things most people can do so easily.

I sit here drunk now at 12:09 a.m. and I want to light this cigarette and I keep picking up the same 5 or 6 empty book matches, opening them and staring at their insides. anybody else would have a cigarette lighter, anybody else would be asleep, instead at this moment I think of a totally insane woman I lived with for 3 years who could do all those many tiny things properly and without thinking, and still probably does.

PROMENADE

I am taking a walk about 2:30 p.m.
pass a group of kids standing around
looking at the engine of a car.
the hood is up and one of them appears
to be working on the motor.

I walk by

am thirty or forty yards away from them
when one of the kids yells:

"hey, old man!"

I stop and turn, wait
they don't say anything, look down
at the engine.